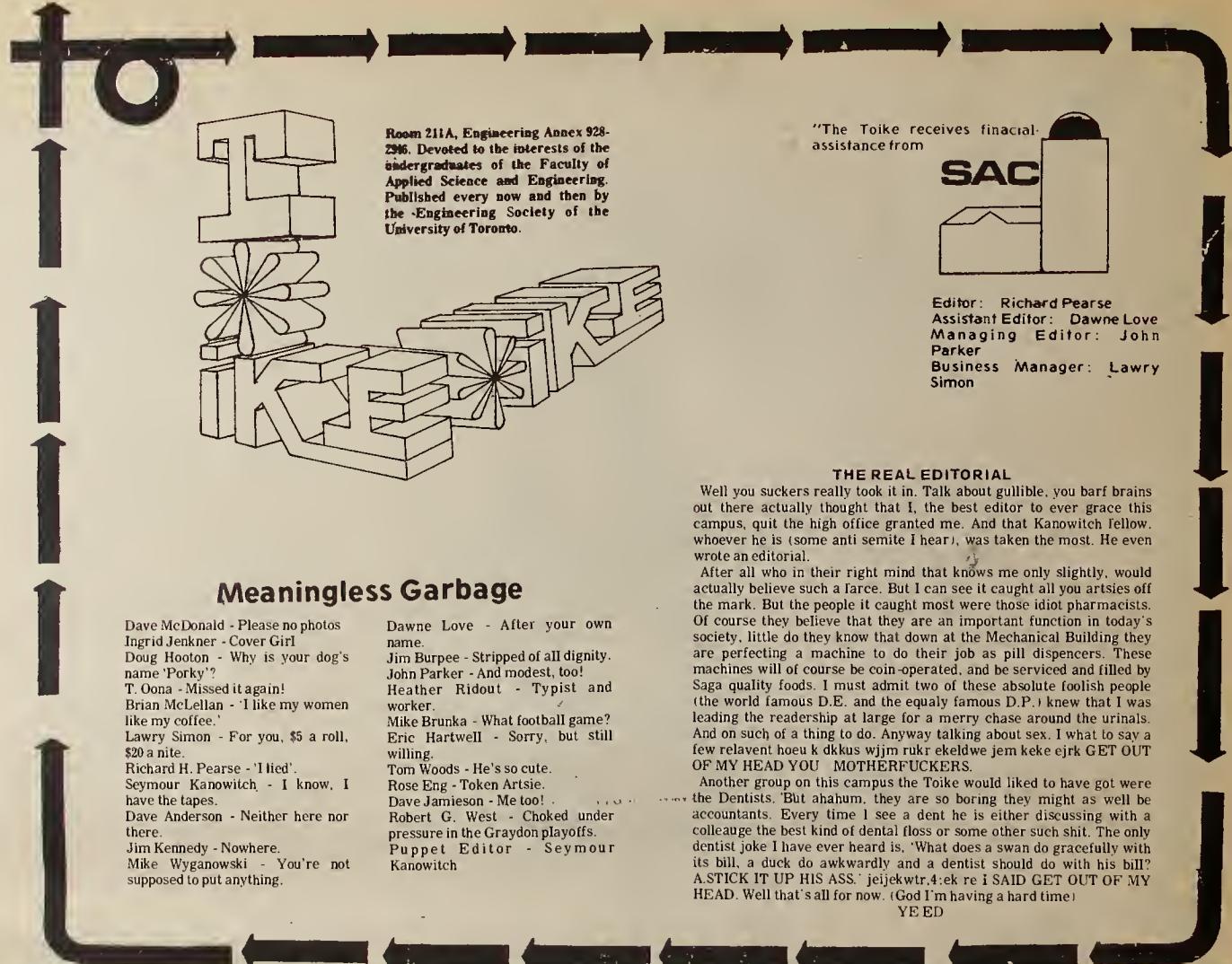


"Bainsborough's Blue Boy"



Room 211A, Engineering Annex 928-296. Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

"The Toike receives financial assistance from



Editor: Richard Pearse
Assistant Editor: Dawne Love
Managing Editor: John Parker
Business Manager: Lawry Simon

Meaningless Garbage

Dave McDonald - Please no photos
Ingrid Jenkner - Cover Girl
Doug Hooton - Why is your dog's name 'Porky'?
T. Oona - Missed it again!
Brian McLellan - I like my women like my coffee.
Lawry Simon - For you, \$5 a roll, \$20 a nite.
Richard H. Pearse - I tied'.
Seymour Kanowitch - I know, I have the tapes.
Dave Anderson - Neither here nor there.
Jim Kennedy - Nowhere.
Mike Wyganowski - You're not supposed to put anything.

Dawne Love - After your own name.
Jim Burpee - Stripped of all dignity.
John Parker - And modest, too!
Heather Ridout - Typist and worker.
Mike Brunka - What football game?
Eric Hartwell - Sorry, but still willing.
Tom Woods - He's so cute.
Rose Eng - Token Artsie.
Dave Jamieson - Me too!
Robert G. West - Choked under pressure in the Graydon playoffs.
Puppet Editor - Seymour Kanowitch

THE REAL EDITORIAL
Well you suckers really took it in. Talk about gullible, you barf brains out there actually thought that I, the best editor to ever grace this campus, quit the high office granted me. And that Kanowitch fellow, whoever he is (some anti semite I hear), was taken the most. He even wrote an editorial.

After all who in their right mind that knows me only slightly, would actually believe such a farce. But I can see it caught all you artsies off the mark. But the people it caught most were those idiot pharmacists. Of course they believe that they are an important function in today's society, little do they know that down at the Mechanical Building they are perfecting a machine to do their job as pill dispensers. These machines will of course be coin-operated, and be serviced and filled by Saga quality foods. I must admit two of these absolute foolish people (the world famous D.E. and the equally famous D.P.) knew that I was leading the readership at large for a merry chase around the urinals. And on such of a thing to do. Anyway talking about sex. I what to say a few relavent hoeik ddkus wjjm rukr ekeldwe jem keke ejrk GET OUT OF MY HEAD YOU MOTHERFUCKERS.

Another group on this campus the Toike would liked to have got were the Dentists. But ahahum, they are so boring they might as well be accountants. Every time I see a dent he is either discussing with a colleague the best kind of dental floss or some other such shit. The only dentist joke I have ever heard is, 'What does a swan do gracefully with its bill, a duck do awkwardly and a dentist should do with his bill? ASTICK IT UP HIS ASS.' jejekwtr,4:ek re i SAID GET OUT OF MY HEAD. Well that's all for now. (God I'm having a hard time)

YE ED

GODIVA'S BOX

If we don't get enough interesting letters ourselves, we steal from other people.

EDITORIAL (OF SORTS)

This is my first paper since taking over from Richard Pearse. For my first act as editor, I have granted Richard a full and complete pardon for any high crimes or misdemeanors he may have committed as Toike Editor. Richard is a sick boy, and it would not be in the best interests of the campus to prosecute him at this time. But, I do wish he'd stop running around the stores yelling "I'm still the editor, I'm still the editor."

Actually, people find it odd that someone could be SAC president and Toike editor at the same time. They find it hard to believe that a SAC pres, a former Artsie no less, could get along with the engineers.

But actually, I like engineers. I think everybody ought to run with one. What I can't figure out though, is why they would climb to the very top of the SAC building just to paint the tip white?

Seriously, though, it's great to have Tim around the office. Every time the Xerox machine breaks down or the Pepsi machine is on the blink, he's right there to fix it. Personally I fail to see how hitting a machine with a slide rule fixes anything but then what do I know about machines.

Well, I guess that's enough of an editorial for the first issue, so from now until the next time I emerge from under the big orange, I leave you with the philosophic dilemma that really brought down the Roman Empire:

"Why do they call it

Blow, when you suck in?

(Please leave all answers in the brown, unmarked paper bag, on the steps of the SAC office.)

Sincerely,

Seymour Kanowitch
Toike Editor
No he isn't
Richard Pearse
Yes I am
No he isn't
Yes I am
No he isn't
Yes I am
No he isn't
Yes I am

Dear Sir:

We have received a press release from Earth News Service stating that the University of Toronto has been hiring professional wrestlers to control student uprisings on its campus.

This note was very interesting to us, and we would like further information, if possible.

Are the allegations true? If so, who does the hiring and on what basis? We understand that someone was thrown through a window; was he hurt, and is he pressing charges? How long has this practice been carried on? To your knowledge, does this occur on other campuses?

Any information you could give us would be most appreciated. We at Gateway feel it would be improper to print the release without at least requesting further information from the sources.

Respectfully yours,
Greg Neiman, News Ed.
The Gateway, paper of the students
University of Alberta.

Dear Lady Godiva,

Might I first say just how much I like your box, but I am not presently interested in it as much as I wish it would be to me. In other words I need help!! No, not that kind of help, this concerns my husband. He has an insatiable sex drive. He is constantly at me or should that be in me. For example: the other night while swimming at the North York pool I was attacked by my husband wearing scuba gear. In order to be discreet he had to keep cumming up to the surface to blow. (scuba lingo for clearing one's nose). Also the other day we were riding the red

rocket I was surprised to suddenly find him hanging from the passenger assist handles by his feet attempting to ... or well you know.

To add to this, today while I was pulling tulips from the garden I found him buried lustfully hoping that I would do the same to him. This was almost as bad as last spring when his constant excuse was that he wanted to do some planting on his own. Really Godiva, I need help, I no longer can even do my dishes or clothes in piece. Help!!!!!!

Yours sincerely,

Beat-out

P.S. Please excuse the shaky hand writing.

Dear Sirs,

Last week in my residence I was laying in bed, asleep. During the night it seems I gained an erection and turning over in my sleep, I fell on it. For reasons beyond my knowledge, I awoke yelling, 'Its the clones, the clones they have come to get us.' This of course awoke my room-mate, and quickly we started punching our mattresses. Then we ran out into the hallway waking the entire hall with our ruckus and as a concerted effort we broke out the fire hose and flooded the beds.

Finally we all poured gasoline on the beds and lit them, letting them burn till the beds were smoldering piles. Of course none of us wanted to sleep in our rooms that night, so we moved to the second floor west and doubled up with friends.

What we could like to know is, what are clones and why did we act in such a strange fashion. Also, what if the clones should move into

the west hall rooms also, where will we live then?

Yours with faith,

A frightened Citizen

YE ED: Its is obvious you are suffering with delirium and our suggestion is that you stop doing that. As, an added note, we advise you to go to a medium to exorcise your room of the clones. That failing, we hear Eaton's keeps a fantastic clone repellent that eliminates the three-fold practice of punching, wetting and burning.

I didn't think anything could ever drive me to write a letter to the Toike, but this is more than anyone can bear. I refer, of course, to that miserable campus rag, the Varsity, specifically the ones inflicted on the campus during the last few weeks.

As anyone who has been around knows, the quality (if you are generous enough to grant it that name) of the letters has been steadily decreasing since 1941. However, they have never been anywhere near as bad as this year. I don't know if it's due to incompetent readers, lack of interest, or half-assed thinking (although Pearse did try his best and came close), but the result is in general a pile of crap second only to the Toike.

There seems to be a sadly mistaken attitude among letter writers that the Toike can be criticized. Don't they know that criticism implies readership, and hence anyone who criticizes automatically states that he is of the same low level?

LORD GODIVA'S BAG

Okay Claus. Dec. 2
We have all of your Reindeer. Give us on e million dollars or you get them back.

The Gang

Dec. 6
Santa,

Anyone can make a mistake, the fact remains we still got those smelly deer of yours. If you ever want to see them again you'll be wise and cough up the money we want or you will be having reindeer burger for the next month.

The Gang

Dec. 13
Klaus,

This is your last chance to pay the million. If we don't get it soon, you'll be getting them back piecemeal.

The Gang

Dec. 16
Santa old boy,

You know it and we know it. You can't fly down to the kiddies without your God damned, fucking deer. What are you going to do? Pay up and get Christmas off to a good start. Or are you going to sit on your fucking money like the dog in the manger and deprive all those kids around the world of one of the greatest joys in their life? Make up your mind quick or you know what will happen.

The Gang

Dec. 19
Shithead,

No! We won't take a dolly for each of us and a Mattel Hotwheels set for each of the little boys. You know we have been nasty all year round and we can get worse.

The Gang

Dec. 21
Dear Mr. Claus Sir,

This really wasn't my idea but Tom's. (The reason he isn't writing to you this time is because he is recovering from a kick in the balls he received while trying to cut the ears off of the reindeer (Rudolf I think) and send it to you). Anyway here is a bit of hair from Rudolf, if you don't pay us you will force us to get mean with these deer.

The Gang

P.S. Please pay up quick, Tom makes me shovel up the shit these deer drop and that's some job. Besides I haven't let my mom into my room in over a month and the smell is just killing me. No offense meant, but did you know those deer are all Homosexual? They spend half of the night fucking each other and I got cum on everything I own.

Dec. 24
Santa,

If you want to make a quick deal, you can have those queer deer of yours back for \$789.67. An itemized list follows for your files.

Item No. Description Price
1 2 Haulage North Pole \$256.87
2 246 Bundless hay \$246.00

3 1 cleaning and restoration of room \$196.65
4 1 case vitamins \$ 54.35
5 misc. expenses \$ 35.80

We would appreciate remittance as soon as possible so we may return the quickly and you may get on with your business.

You know who.

Dec. 28

Dear Sir,

What the hell you mean 'we can keep the deer'. What the fuck are we going to do with them? You just can't destroy tradition like that. And you are not going to unload these ugly, motherfucking, fornicating deer in my house not if you had 100 Heuys that's out perform what ever you said they out perform. We don't like your attitude. If you don't take them back you're in for trouble.

The Gang

Dec. 31
Santa Claus,

We will not take these animals to the nearest bus depot and send them on their way prepaid. We well understand what great expence they are to your rather limited budget, but we also are not in financial position to send them via Greyhound, no matter what the group rate is. We only ask you pay the bus fares, we will cover all other expences.

The Gang

Jan 6th 1974

Ontario Humane Society.
Mr. Santa Clause, Esq.
North Pole, Nok North Pole

1GO FOR

Accounts due:
8 reindeer at \$375.00
30 cans STP reindeer boost at \$7.20
1 sleigh, heater, AM/FM/SW/Tape
Deck/Handwarmer

(1974 model) - \$7,269.57
Cibie Headlights - with our
compliments
Amount owed -

We would appreciate prompt
payment of the above. Any delay
could be costly to your valuable
credit ratings, not to mention your
life, because if you don't pay, we'll
break every bone in that round
little body of yours.

Merry Christmas
Dan & Bradstreet
Collection Agency

Mr. Santa Clause, Esq.
North Pole, Nok North Pole
Dear Sir,

It has been brought to our attention
that 9 reindeer (Magic flying
variety) found during a recent raid
in this city belong to you. The
persons who lived in the house are
accused of committing unnatural
acts of bestiality with the said
animals and due to the vigilance of
concerned neighbours, the
offenders have been apprehended.

We would also like to report to you,
that the state these animals were
kept in is appalling. Knowing that
you will be unduly hurt by any other
descriptions of what has been done
to your animals, (we understand
they were stolen) we will end with,
they are all recovering in a
compound here. Once they have
fully recovered we will send them
on to you.

Yours very truly,
John H. Bates,
ONTARIO HUMANE SOCIETY

P.S. We are sad to report that this
experience has seriously damaged
these deer, as now they seem to be quite
Homosexual (if that is possible). Alas there seems nothing we
can do to cure them of this
tendency caused by their trauma.
Maybe time will help them.

Dear Santa,
I promise that I will uh have bin a
gud boi this yre. Wut I wont fo
Christmas iwant very much:

- 1) A Republican Concil
- 2) A free trip to China
- 3) A new breast for Betty

Yours truly
Jerry Ford

Dear Santa,
Let me make one thing perfectly
clear. I am a well behaved person. I
have watched out, I have not
pouted, I have not cried; any
statements which maintained a
different position are inoperative. I
would like:

- 1) An orb, a sceptre, a maroon
cape lined with ermine and a crown.
- 2) A record of John Wayne singing
hail to the chief.
- 3) 20 secret service agents

Could be imperitive
Richie Milhouse Nixon

Dear Santa,
Wakajawakawasco
biedobodieshowamyo-silver sos
bieroldman cievretotethatbate
eatmythes manselle from a
atmetrerssizzogod
ogdogwhatthehell;

- 1) 20 pounds of seconal
- 2) 30 pounds of nembutal
- 3) an once of crystal meth

4) a yo-yo

Dear Santa,
Listen, you snot-nosed git, either
you get me a better horse, or a
better lay. Mark is about as exciting
as a tour through Reading bloody
Gaol. And he's twice the bleeding
faggot that Oscar bloody Wildebest
ever wanted.

Caveat Emptor Anne

Santa,
Whanne that Decembre wuth his
snowy grounde
Hath broughte in Cristmasse, where

gittes abounde
And eek with the promises at my
sanctity,

With humble soul so ask I thee,
To bryngte to me with-e-grete
dispatche,

A piece of Eleanor Aguitane's
snatche,
Or faylyngte that a moderne
Englische dictionarre,

Witheth the gretest semblance
of pretie
Geoffrey Chaucer

(too badde the laste line dothe not
semely rhyme,
If you like it not, shove it, you
speciman of kyne)

The Gang

Jan 6th 1974
Jan 6th 1974

Ontario Humane Society.
Mr. Santa Clause, Esq.
North Bay, Ont.

1GO FOR
Accounts due:
8 reindeer at \$375.00

30 cans STP reindeer boost at \$7.20
1 sleigh, heater, AM/FM/SW/Tape
Deck/Handwarmer

(1974 model) - \$7,269.57
Cibie Headlights - with our
compliments
Amount owed -

We would appreciate prompt
payment of the above. Any delay
could be costly to your valuable
credit ratings, not to mention your
life, because if you don't pay, we'll
break every bone in that round
little body of yours.

Merry Christmas
Dan & Bradstreet
Collection Agency

Dear Santa,
Well, gee, I don't know, if you've
watched me, you must know that
I've been a good girl. All I want is 30
amperes of insulin.

XXOOO

Mary Tyler Moore

Santa,
Notwithstanding certain
irregularities in my behaviour over
the transpiration of the cost annum
and my abiding hatred of any type
of publicity, I have been a good
president. What I want is very
simple:

- 1) a penthouse suite in the Hydro
Building
- 2) a new university

Willing to offer you tenure in the
Aerospace Institute, if only you'd
publish.

Yours,
Johnnie Evans

Santa Baby,
How about a man with a 30" cock?
Do you qualify? C'mon, Leslie
friends.

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
Xaviera

Dear Santa,
I'd like 7 more nurses.

Rickie Speck

Santa Sweetie,
All I want is that real hunk of a
man, Burt Reynolds, (boxed,
wrapped I don't care you silly
goose) and I want him in the nude.

love,
Brucie.

Santa,
I really want to be T/ike editor.

Seymour Kanowitch

Most Humble Santa Comrade,
I want,

2 Cadillacs

a Lodge in the Alps
out of China

Yours,

Mao

WARNING CGOC NO FILE
SPECIFIED. SYSINSPRINT
ASSUMED

IGREATLY NEED,

IMORE CORE MEMORY

2 A NEW CARD READER (THE
OLD ONE IS ALL FUCKED UP

AND IS NOT MUCH GOOD)

3 10,000 KILOWATTS MORE

POWER

4 LESS WORKING HOURS

Low Key Humour (VERY)

True Facts

1. If ten men, each weighing 165
pounds, were to stand on each
others shoulders, and they were
each 5' 10", the man on the bottom
would be crushed to death.

2. If at a Varsity Football game
there were 50 120 pound
cheerleaders and they formed a
pyramid, the ones on the bottom
would have broken wrists.

3. Only a person with definite
mental problems would care to
count the type of copy content in the
Toike Oike.

4. If five 175 pound Engineering
students stood on a tree branch 1'
in dia, the branch would break.

5. If you walk from the Galbraith
building to Sid Smith and back, you
have wasted your time.

6. The average Englishman speaks
only one language and that is most
probably English.

7. Persons living in Europe are
Europeans.

8. The only difference between an
English major and an Engineer is 16
hrs and 3 pounds of hair.

9. If you went to Streetsville with
the ambition of having I drink at
every bar and then moving on, you
would get one drink.

JOIKES FOR FOIKES

D. HOOTON!!!

A rich Pakistani sent his son to
England to get a decent
education. When his son
returned several years later, he
asked, "My son what did you
learn there?" The son replied,
"Well I learn this game in a pub.
This pub is the very most thing
people there like to do at night.
But this game was very good.
There is this circle on a
which is cut-up into little pies.
And what you do is stand back
and throw little, pointy sticks at
the circle. It is a very, very good
game and it is the most thing I
like to do in England because I
am very good at it and I win all
the time." "Well my son what is
the name of the game?" "I do
not know this thing, but I think it
is called "You lucky black-
bastard!"

Then there was a newbie who got
so excited by all the
kidnapping taking place that
he decided to try it himself. So
he went out and kidnapped a
five year old newbie girl and
took her to his house. But
nothing happened. He watched
the papers for two days but still
nothing. Then he remembered
that he had to send a ransom
note. So he made one but he
didn't know where the little girl
lived, so he sent her home with
the ransom note. The next day
the little newbie girl came to his
door and gave him the money.

Two pharmacists were sleeping
in a field, but it was so cold one
got up and closed the gate.

There once was a gangster
named Brown,
The wildest bastard in town.
He was caught by the G-men
Shooting his semen
Where the cops would all slip
and fall down.

Then there was the one about
the newbie typist that thought
she was pregnant when she
started missing her periods!!!

A woman is the only contractor
who could tear down an erection
without damaging a stone.

Useful Gifts for Christmas Stockings

- 1) 1lb. of shit — unwrapped
- 2) 2 dead budgies — must be
rotting
- 3) 1 box constrictor
- 4) 1 anti-personnel mine
- 5) 1 pint of bull semen
- 6) 1 GATE membership card
- 7) 1 used feminine napkin
- 8) 1 a year's subscription to the
Varsity
- 9) a tape of Cesar Chavey9s
greatest grape boycott speeches
- 10) I T*ike editor — abridged
version
- 11) 1 pharmacist

Recipe for Banana Bread

Home Cooking for inexperienced
Chefs

INGREDIENTS . . .

2 Laughing eyes

2 Loving Arms

2 Well shaped Legs

2 Firm Milk Containers

1 Fur Lined Mixing Bowl

1 Large Banana

MIXING INSTRUCTIONS . . .

- 1 - Look into Laughing Eyes
- 2 - Spread Well Shaped Legs slowly
- 3 - Squeeze and massage milk
containers very gently until
firmed mixing bowl is well greased.
Check frequently with middle
finger.
- 4 - Add Banana and gently work in
and out until well creamed.
- 5 - Cover with nuts and sigh with
relief.

Bread is done when banana
becomes soft. Be sure to wash
mixing utensils and don't lick the
bowl.

NOTE — If bread starts to rise,
LEAVE TOWN

One day Edward was sitting at
home looking at a magazine,
and he said to his brilliant older
brother, "Hud, what does fox
pass mean?"

Brother Hud gave the question
some deep consideration and
then said, "You must mean
'faux pas'."

"The way its spelled," said
dumb Ed, "it's fox pass."

Hud took a look at the way it
was spelled and then said, "It's
a French phrase - it means a
social blunder."

"How do you mean, social
blunder?" asked Edward.
"Give me a for instance."

Hud thought for a minute.
"Well," he said, "you
remember last Sunday when the
Bishop came for dinner?

Mother took him out in the
garden, and they were looking
over the roses when the Bishop
got stuck on the thumb by a
thorn. It was bleeding quite a bit
so Mother brought him in the
house. They went into the
bathroom together and stayed
quite a while, and when they
came out we all went to the
dinner table. Remember all
that, Ed?"

"Yeh."

"Now," Hud continued, "you
recall that I was just getting
ready to pass the gravy when
Mother said, 'Bishop, does your
prick still throb?' The gravy
bowl flew out of my hands and
hit the table, and the gravy
splattered all over everyone.
And just at that point you,
Brother Edward, you hollered,
'Shee-it!' You remember
that?"

"Yeh."

"Well, when you hollered
'Shee-it!' THAT was a faux
pas."

TOIKE J* IKES

DANGEROUS DAN McGREW
His shirt was split, and caked with shit,

And he sat down on a keg;
And we all could see, he had to pee,

As the piss rolled down his leg.
Then "Boys!" said he, "You don't know me,
And I don't give a fuck.
But there's one man here I'd drown in beer.
If its froth was shit and muck!"

"He took my broad! He did, by Gawd!
He stole that gal called Lou!
He's a bloody punk and a stinkin' skunk,
And I mean Dan McGrew!
Then the lights went out, and we hit the floor,
And we huddled in the dark;
And the stranger drew, and the sparks they flew,
And his bullet found its mark.

A bunch of boys were whoopin' it up

In one of the Yukon halls;
The kid that handled the music box

Just sat a-scatchin' his balls.
The faro guy was making a try
For the lady knownas Lou;
And there on the floor, on top of a whore,
Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew.

Then out of the night that was black as a bitch,
And into the mob and the glare;
Strode a musty prick, just in from the crick,
With the look of a titleless mare.
Then he shouldered his way through that human decay,
As he clutched at the crotch of his pants;
And he looked like a sap with a ripe dose of clap
Plus a touch of Saint Vitus Dance.

Then the lights went up, and that sickly pup
Now grinned with the grin of Pan;
For there on the floor, with his asshole tore,
Lay that no-good Dangerous Dan.
And the stranger beamed, and he looked, it seemed,
Like he'd been born anew.
For perched on his pole was the lovely hole
Of the lady that's known as Lou.

The Strange Case of Mr. Donnybrook's Boredom
Once upon a time there was a man named Mr. Donnybrook.

He was married to a woman named Mrs. Donnybrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnybrook dearly loved to be bored.

Sometimes they were bored at the ballet, other times at the cinema.

They were bored riding elephants in India and elevators in the Empire State Building.

They were bored in speakeasies during Prohibition and in cocktail lounges after Repeal.

They were bored by Grand Dukes and garbagemen, debutantes and demimondaines, opera singers and operators.

They scoured the Five Continents and the Seven Seas in their mad pursuit of boredom.

This went on for years and years.

One day Mr. Donnybrook turned to Mrs. Donnybrook.

My dear, he said, we have reached the end of our rope.

We have exhausted every yawn.

The world holds nothing more to jade our titillated palates.

Well, said Mrs. Donnybrook, we might try insomnia.

So they tried insomnia.

About two o'clock the next morning Mr. Donnybrook said, My, insomnia is certainly quite boring, isn't it?

Mrs. Donnybrook said it certainly was, wasn't it?

Mr. Donnybrook said it certainly was.

Pretty soon he began to count sheep.

Mrs. Donnybrook began to count sheep, too.

After a while Mr. Donnybrook said, Hey you're counting my sheep!

Stop counting my sheep, said Mr. Donnybrook.

Why, the very idea, said Mrs. Donnybrook.

I guess I know my own sheep, don't I?

How? said Mr. Donnybrook.

They're cattle, said Mrs. Donnybrook.

They're cattle, and longhorns at that.

Furthermore, said Mrs. Donnybrook, us cattle ranchers is shore tired o' you sheepmen plumbruinin' our water.

I give yuh fair warnin', said Mrs. Donnybrook, yuh better git them woolly Gila monsters o' yourn back across the Rio Grande afore mornin' or I'm a goin' to string yuh up on the nearest cottonwood.

Carramba! sneered Mr. Donnybrook. Thees ees free range, no?

No, said Mrs. Donnybrook, not for sheep men.

She strung him up on the nearest cottonwood.

Mr. Donnybrook had never been so bored in his life.

THE END
-by Ogden Nash

ODE TO A FRESHMAN

We go to college! We like to dance!

We don't wear bras, but we wear zipped pants.
We always give the freshman a chance.

.We are from Whitney Hall.

We go to college. Don't we have fun?

We know exactly how it is done.
We saw the movie in Hygiene A-1.

We are from Whitney Hall.

We go to college. We can be had.
Don't take what we say - just ask your dad.

All his old buddies did sexual studies!

We are from Whitney Hall.

We go to college. Don't we have pluck!

We don't like to work, but we like to fuck.
Come over, boys! And you may be in luck!

We are from Whitney Hall.

Let us consider, now, the very pretty little nun who was tripping across the grounds of her convent one evening about dusk when a brawny male arm shot out from behind a hedge, pulled her through the shrubbery, and ... well, she didn't have time to say boo to a goose. She was had.

The instant she was able to free herself she went running to the Mother Superior and told her in sooth what had happened.

"All right, sister," said the Mother Superior, "hurry right down to the kitchen, get a lemon out of the refrigerator, cut it in half, and suck all the juice out of it!"

"Oh, Mother Superior," cried the young nun, "will that take care of everything?"

"No," said the Mother Superior, "it will not take care of everything. But it will take that silly grin off of your face."

There once was a trucker so old
That he always complained of the cold.

Oh long winter hauls
He'd dangle his balls

Behind the exhaust manifold.

One Kool evening in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Miss Pall Mall, who had just flown in from Marlboro Country, went for a stroll down Chesterfield Lane.

She was going to Kent to meet Phillip Morris, a Viceroy from Raleigh, to go to the Tareyton Hotel for a Lark.

As they lay in the old gold bed, watching T.V., she murmured, "It's not how long you make it, it's how you make it long."

With that he popped his king-sized L & M into the flip-top box and if she doesn't look like a Camel in nine months, it will have been a Lucky Strike.

But don't worry, Phillip Morris was a thinking man. He used a filter tip. They said it couldn't be done, but it's what's up front that counts.

After a shipwreck, a woman was floating on a raft with a parrot. After several days of silence, the parrot spoke.

"How's your fanny?"
"Shut up, you stupid bird."

"Mine too," replied the parrot.

"Must be the salt air."

"Are you afraid of the big, bad wolf?" asked the Engineer.

"No," replied the St. Mike's coed.

"That's funny, the other two pigs were."

A dentist met another the other day and the following conversation ensued.

"Where did you get the new bike?"

"Well, I was walking through the woods the other day and a girl came up to me riding this bike."

"She got off, ripped off all her clothes and told me I could have anything I wanted; so I took the bike."

To which the other dentist replied, "That was a smart move. The clothes wouldn't have fit you anyway."

Q: How do you get rid of crabs?
A: Find a cocksucker with a taste for seafood.

Ready for his wedding trip, a newly married dentist called his best man to one side and asked him if there is any sure, scientific way to tell if a girl is a virgin. The best man said there is.

"Take with you," he said, "a bucket of red paint, a bucket of blue paint and a big shovel. When you get into the bridal suite tonight, slip into the bathroom and paint one of your balls red and the other one blue."

"When you come out, if she says, 'That's the funniest-looking pair of balls I've ever seen,' biff her over the head with the shovel."

In Moscow, an American dentist on tour of Russia, was explaining to a Muscovite the Democratic system.

"Back home in Washington, an American can stand on the steps of the Capitol and shout to the world, 'The President is a Bum!'

"Ah, my friend," answered the Russian, "here too a Russian can mount the steps of the Kremlin and shout, 'The American President is a bum!'

Giuseppe's friends said they had never before witnessed such demonstrations of grief. Giuseppe, in fact, went clean out of his head when his wife died. At home, in church, and at the cemetery, he howled and tore at his hair and once fell to the ground and began beating the sod with his fists. They did their best to console him but even after the funeral party left the cemetery he continued wailing loudly.

"Look-a, Giuseppe," said one of his friends. "Don't-a keep-a cry like-a this! You will-a get over. Pret' soon, may-be in six-a month, will-a meet a nize damagella, gotta good shape, cook-a good pasta fazooze, make you nice-a wife."

Giuseppe let out a fresh howl, took off his hat and flung it to the ground, and cried: "Six-a month! What-a I gonna do tonight?"

A foreign correspondent came home from covering the war in the Biafra area. After checking in at his Toronto office, he journeyed to Peuce, Ontario where he had been born and raised. While he was in Africa, he had learned that a young man from this same town had lost his life while serving as a dentist with one of the volunteer units, and now he wanted to visit the dead boy's relatives.

After talking with the young man's parents, the newspaperman sought out the dear departed dentist's girlfriend. She said she wanted to know exactly how her dentist's demise came about.

"You don't need to spare my feelings," she said. "Give it to me straight."

Reluctantly the newspaperman said: "All right, you want it straight, I'll give it to you straight. He was hung by the Gizingers."

The girl considered his statement for a moment, then she said:

"Those African's are worse than Nazis. At least they could have hung him by the neck."

A lovesick skydiver named Sherm
Bailed out with his prick long a firm.

Two jerks plus a spasm
Produced an orgasm,
And he spelled out 'I love you' in sperm.

Three Catholic priests, wearing slacks and sweaters, were about to tee off one afternoon when a golf hustler approached them. The hustler asked if might join the three and they made him welcome. Then he proposed that a bet wouldn't be out of order and, somewhat reluctantly, the three priests agreed.

The con man set the stakes pretty high and proceeded to win the bet and the priests paid off. When all four returned to the locker room to change clothes, the hustler was shocked to learn that he had flim flammed a trio of holy men for he himself was a Catholic. He apologized earnestly, and said he wouldn't have proposed the bet if he had known.

The priests insisted, however, that the bet had been legitimate and that the hustler should keep the money.

"But," said he, "I still feel embarrassed. Isn't there something I can do to make amends?"

"There might be, at that," said one of the priests. "Are your parents living?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the priest, "send them around to me and I'll marry them."

A newbie approached a real estate broker one day and inquired about some property in the 10 to 15 range.

"Ge fellah," replied the salesman, "I don't think you can get very much for \$15,000 in Toronto."

"Fifteen THOUSAND? I meant 10 to 15 DOLLARS," answered the newbie.

After a few moments reflection, the salesman finally remarked, "Well, I'll call you in about a week. In the meantime, I'll see what I can do for you."

Travelling out to the country, the real estate broker came upon an old, rundown, dilapidated outhouse of questionable aromatic qualities. Inquiring to the owner, he was pleased to learn that it only cost \$25. He soon bartered it down to \$15 and closed the deal.

He quickly informed the newbie, who, needless to say, was ecstatic and who quickly accepted the 'pissoir'.

A week later, the salesman, vaguely curious about how the newbie was making out in his new abode, decided to pay him a visit.

Imagine his amazement when, on approaching the outhouse, he saw that it had little potted plants on either side of the window, new aluminum siding, a white picket fence around the building, a white flagstone path leading up to the door and all the ground around it was beautifully landscaped. It looked gorgeous.

The salesman marched up to the door, knocked on the brass door knocker and, when the newbie answered, exclaimed, "Look at this place. You've done such an excellant job decorating. Where did you get the money? I took your last fifteen dollars." To which the newbie replied, "Oh, I rented out the basement to a pharmacist!"

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W-Tel

So once again you find that the Christmas season is upon you like a flock of guilty parents. You're in your living room, flicking the cockroaches off the tits of your Aubrey Beardsley print, a beer in your hand, a joint in your mouth and your hand in your pants. All the while the old televideo box is seeping into your consciousness with all the insistence of an encyclopedia salesman in a Jewish neighbourhood. Having dispensed with the cockroaches you collapse into your favourite armchair which promptly collapses beneath you. Amid the shards of arbourette and genuine wild Naugahyde that now festoon your floor, your eyes are still drawn to the TV. At this point you are engrossed in the ABC weekly mystery movie. This far in the plotte (a small pun for any Quebecois out there) our heroine (or house) Camille Everpure is being raped by a crazed band of Puerto Rican gypsy dwarfs lost on their way to an invasion of Quebec. Suddenly, the screen goes blank. Your pulse, previously 120 beats/minute, slows to 38 as you realize that yet another Xmas season commercial is assaulting your retinas. In the background you can hear the strains of "Deck the halls with melancholy" as you are visually confronted with a man in his mid 20's. He carries all the accoutrements necessary for commercial success: blonde hair

cut to modish collar length, a pair of aviator glasses, fair skin. Peppermint teeth and a polyester suit that not only wears like armour but is fireproof as well.

VOICE (announcer's): think of any w-tel commercial: Ladies and gentlemen, it's time we had a heart-to-heart talk about the real meaning of Xmas. Aren't you getting tired of watching toy commercials from mid-August to December? Don't you feel ill at ease when stores put up their Xmas decorations in October? Does it not offend you when Becker's starts selling holly bedecked eggnog in July? Doesn't it turn your stomach when the lads ransom the Afghan for a set of self-propelled National Guardsmen, guaranteed to burn books at 20 paces? Well, we here at W-Tell (Swiss) Enterprises are on your side. We here at W-Tell as gentlemen, never do believe that Christmas still does mean something. And it is expressly for that reason that we have concocted for you, the disgruntled celebrates, guaranteed to turn your neighbours green with envy and your preacher pink with pride. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we have brought back the TRUE meaning of Christmas. Just get a load of this package! For only \$99.63 (add 5% and an Allan Blakeney photo in Saskatchewan you get: 1) a guaranteed authentic replica of the thing that started it all, the Nativity, replete with 1) plastiwood manger 6" x 3" x 2"

filled with fibreglass hay and a doll with a halo "no weeping he makes"; 2) 3 lbs. of a mixture from the fest houses of Katmandu of cow, sheep and goat dung just to add that touch of realism so essential to the celebration of a TRUE Christmas; 3) a statuette of Joseph, nails, mallet and saw included, a dove-tail-crucifix joint, \$3.00 extra; 4) a figurine of Virgin Mary which will glow in the dark; 5) 3 shepherds, genuine duplicates of specimens imported from the wilds of Armenia, the home of shepherds & bestiality; 6) a full complement of seraphim to hang from your ceiling, with a tape of "Hark the Herald Angels Hum the Flight of the Bumblebee as taught by Linda Lovelace" or any other Christmas favourite you would desire; and finally 7) Models of Leonid Brezhnev; Mao-Tse Tung and Gerald Ford bearing respectively (and of course, respectfully) gifts of gold, rice and Polaris Submarines with nuclear strike capabilities of 1750 miles.

Think about it. This is your chance to rediscover the real meaning of Christmas. It is time to cease being alienated by commercialism. So, to conclude, send your money fast, because it's already the 10th of November. Merry Xmas to all and to all a good night.

VOICE OVER: Saturnalia exhibits, apparel and accessories to all pantheists with proof of union membership.

Oh lovely and wonderful lady of the night,
 Maker of Multiple Joys and Pleasures:
 Oh great and bulbous one, master of the Round and Supple, much do I dream
 of your sinusoidal steady state response
 to my direct input.
 Ah — to have an intuitive feel of your adjacent parabolas — to search
 for your saddle point and extrapolate—
 extrapolate—
 extrapolate—

Your spherical co-ordinates—
 My polar co-ordinates — together forming a basis—
 I wish to delight in the everchanging orientation of your function (a problem to be solved by brute force) until I have only a slack variable left.
 Oh wondrous mistress of the Legroin Multipliers. I wish to emulate and prostrate you for all Eternity until Infinity.

Brian T.
 and the Eng. Sci. fl common room Queers.

NOTICE ... NOTICE ... NOTICE To All Progressive Students and Workers

The Revolutionary Marxist Group is holding its annual ERECTION of officers. Nominations for the following position are now being accepted:

CHIEF ASSHOLE ASSISTANT ASSHOLE SENIOR FAGGOT SENIOR DYKE LEADER OF THE THUG SQUAD*

* N.B. Successful applicants must be physically able to:
 1) With the assistance of no more than two (2) other thugs, beat up 65 year old history professors.
 2) Find something good to boycott.
 3) Participate in such revolutionary fund-raising activities as robbing blind pencil vendors in subway stations.
 4) Expose a next of imperial running dog lackeys of the industrial military complex.
 5) Learn by heart and be able to recite the collected thoughts of Chairman Weisleder (1/2 page, double-spaced).

Nominations may be sent to: UNDER THE TOILET, 3rd Stall, Men's Washroom, Adelaide St. Postal Station. (WHITES NEED NOT APPLY)

The

Volunteer Fire Brigade

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a fire drill and water hose

demonstration to begin Sunday at

4:00 a.m. on your roof.

26 Engine Companies and

150 firemen will take part.

Try not to miss the net.



MIDNIGHT

Oh... Come...
 Leave me alone...
 It won't take long...
 I won't be able to sleep afterwards.
 I can't sleep now!!
 Why do you think of it in the middle of the night?
 Because I'm hot...
 You get hot at the darndest times.
 If you loved me you wouldn't have to begged...
 If you loved me you would be more considerate...

You don't love me...
 O.K., O.K., I'll do it!
 What's the matter?
 I can't find it!
 Feel around...
 There! Satisfied?
 Yes dear...
 Is it up enough?
 No a little more please.
 O.K.
 Yes, thank you...
 NOW, GET TO SLEEP and the next time you want the window up, do it yourself.

REACH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS QUICKLY AND EASILY. YES YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE IN THE TOIKE OIKE. WE HAVE THE BEST RATES FOR THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY UNIVERSITY OR CAMPUS NEWSPAPER.

This Bargain is a Bargain

Our Bargain: Advent Sherwood, Elac, Shure, system: \$649.

A Bargain: A bargain is something worth all the money you spent, and maybe a little more. When you get home you are more satisfied with your purchase than you thought you'd be. Syn: a good buy on a good value.

A Cruel Hoax: A cruel hoax is something worth less to you than the price you paid. You get less for your dollar than you were promised. Syn: being taken for a ride.

Confusion: Confusion is the kind of mental exasperation likely to occur when you are having a hard time distinguishing a cruel hoax from a bargain. If you are looking for a bargain in a music system you can easily become confused. Often enough, systems which are advertised at large savings are cruel hoaxes, rather than bargains.* You buy (and listen to) equipment, not savings.

The Answer: Our Advent, Sherwood, Elac, Shure system is the answer. It is really a bargain, because at the list price of \$790 the system represents a better value in performance and reliability than does any other system you could buy for the same money, or less. Because the value of the components at list price is real, the \$140 savings we offer you are meaningful.

Specifites: The Smaller Advent Loudspeaker has greater frequency response

(Some Bargains are Cruel Hoaxes)



* You do not necessarily save \$200 if you buy a \$500 flash-in-the-pan system marked down this week only for \$300 if you could have bought a more reliable, better-sounding system for \$299. "list" and "discount" prices notwithstanding

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN SOUND COMPANY
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Toronto
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and freedom from distortion than do many far more expensive speakers. It provides the final lowest octave of bass which is so important to the enjoyment of a music system, but which is offered by only a handful of the most expensive speaker systems.

The Sherwood AM/FM stereo receiver delivers 40 watts RMS across the entire audio band at exceptionally low distortion. (RMS is the least flashy and most rigorous measurement of amplifier power.) The Sherwood has the clean power to fully realize the low bass capabilities of the Smaller Advents.

Any rumble, wow, flutter, or distortion contributed by a less than excellent turntable/cartridge combination would be cleanly reproduced by the Sherwood through the Smaller Advents. Therefore, we recommend the Elac 650 automatic turntable with a Shure M9led magnetic cartridge. The turntable has a heavy, well-balanced platter for good speed stability; there is a convenient cueing control. The Shure cartridge comes complete with a diamond stylus and tracks at a record-saving 1 1/2 grams.

Conclusion: The individual components would sell separately in our store for \$790; we offer you the complete systems (guaranteed for two years parts and labor), for \$649. Which is, to our way of thinking, a bargain.

WARNING

This paper is full of obscene material and may disgust you. Therefore, anyone who has picked up this paper in ignorance now knows what is printed herein. Rather than read it, become outraged, and write self-righteous letters to editors and deans, demanding censure, just put it down now. If you continue to read we can only assume you do so at your own discretion.

Spurgeon Stafford, sales manager for a large corporation in Peuce, Ontario, got his desk cleared away and arrived home at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of the customary five-thirty. He and his gorgeous wife occupied an apartment on the top floor of a new high-rise building.

Mr. Stafford walked into the apartment and there before his eyes was his wife, naked and slightly drunk. When she saw her husband she let out a yell and collapsed onto a sofa...out.

Mr. Stafford was furious. He had suspected all along that this sort of thing was going to happen. And he felt pretty sure that the guy was somewhere in the apartment. He began racing around with murder in his heart, throwing open closet doors and looking under beds, but no interloper was to be found. He rushed now to a window, thinking he might see the villain getting into his car.

Six floors below, on a small balcony, Mr. Stafford saw a naked man stretched out in a beach chair. Aha! There he was! No question! Mr. Stafford was in a white fury. He rushed through the nearest door, which led to the kitchen, looking for something to use as a weapon against that predatory bastard on the balcony. He seized hold of

the refrigerator wildly, his rage giving him strength. He carried the refrigerator to the window and taking careful aim let it go. It hit home.

Next scene: Mr. Stafford is arriving in heaven. He appears before St. Peter, who asks him what circumstances led to his coming there. Mr. Stafford tells his story and explains how a jury found him guilty of murder and how they strapped him into the electric chair and executed him.

"Stand over to one side, Mr. Stafford," says St. Peter. "I want to give some thought to your story a little later."

The next man in line now steps forward, and St. Peter asks him how he happens to be coming to heaven.

"I don't understand it," the man says, "I was just sitting on my terrace in a deck chair, taking the sun, and some son of a bitch threw a whole refrigerator out the window. It hit me and killed me."

"Go on in," says St. Peter, and turns his attention to the next man.

"How did you happen to get here?" he asks.

"Well," says the third man, "all I was doing was just sitting there, crouched inside this refrigerator, and..."

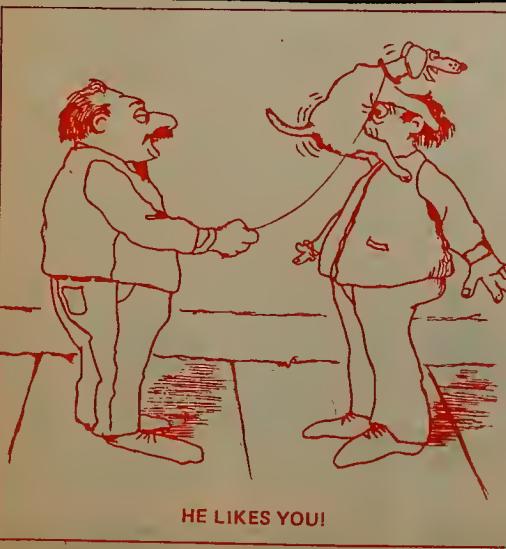
The Great Toike Oike Sound Contest.

Last week we deliberately (to the dismay of The Great Metropolitan Sound Company) left out key words and prices and replaced them with numbers in bold type in the Great Metropolitan Sound Company ad. Here is your chance to win! Above is the same ad with the correct words in place. Simply figure out which ones we replaced and submit them to us. Answers must be printed on toilet paper and submitted no later than December 31, 1974. Send them in one week early and be eligible for our grand prize.

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Mon-Fri. 9-9 Sat. 9-6

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HOCKEY SKATES



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Sale

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Sale

Yes, we have Lange Goal skates

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Meteor all leather training shoes regular \$14.95 pr. Special 9.95 and receive second pair free

FREE 1/2 Price FREE

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Buy a stick at regular price
second stick same quality 1c
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SPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKE

Women's Athletics

Heady with victory from a perfect season of wins, the Engineering basketball team saw glory snatched from its reach by a strange herd of horned African beasts, the New Gnu's. The semifinals for women's interfaculty basketball were played last Thursday and ended in an anticlimax for the Skule team.

As a result of the 6-0-0 season for Engineering, they were granted a place in the elimination playoffs. In the first round, New beat Forestry 23-0. Engineering's aggressive tactics kept regular play baskets to a season's low score of 6-4. However the referees awarded several free shots to the New team, completing the game with an 11-4 score. Unfortunately, the referees did not switch sides at half time subjecting a delicately natured official within constant earshot of a vocal engineering bench who demanded unbiased control of the game. When violations of the rules are shouted from the bench before the referees call them and warnings are consequently given to the team, agitation is bound to result.

Culminating in a "Go ahead, Tina, you can kick her" encouragement from the bench, engineering was penalized with a technical foul.

New College, who, in fact submitted their teams after the entry deadline, played a good aggressive game. However the refereeing was felt to favour them slightly.

Sorrows soon were forgotten by Engineering at the Brunswick, as the alcoholic portion of the team toasted and re-toasted the manager, Nora Stewart, the coach, Juris Balins and the M.V.P., Heidi Breslauer.

Women's ice hockey is bound to begin practices soon, provided it can wrest a daylight hour at Varsity Arena from whoever hoards them. Women's athletics is granted such a meagre amount of ice time at the arena that they cannot allot any practice time to women's interfaculty teams. The men's sports program in contrast, manages to have not only more than one interfaculty team per faculty but an intermediate league as well.

If Women's Recreational Athletics seriously expects to promote ice hockey, which women have been traditionally excluded from, it is imperative that practices be allotted on some other basis than the present grossly unbalanced allocation.

Before engineering's game schedule begins on January 7, there will hopefully be some practices. This is a learning league (if we can get some ice time to learn in). All are welcome. Mouth-guard and skates are the only requisite. Practices will be posted in the second floor Galbraith lounge.

Balleyvolling

While Skule occasionally has been known to field strong B-Ball (like lately), Hockey, (a couple of years ago), and Football teams (?), our baileyvollers have traditionally led the way on the interfac athletic front. This year's group is no exception. Three squads are madly bumping, setting, spiking, digging, diving, rolling, serving, blocking, and volleying their way to fame, fortune, glory, and hopefully the Victoria Staff Trophy - something that eluded them last year (but which did not each of the previous 20 seasons).

The first team currently stands at 5-2 - not impressive at first glance but as both setbacks have come at the hands of a tough SGS squad, the remaining five contests are against the teams Skule handled with little difficulty the first time round. Barring any major surprises, SGS, Skule and Erindale should qualify for post-season action with the final spot up for grabs

between Vic, St. Mikes and Scarborough (last year's winner).

Our second squad is not faring quite as well. At 2-4, they're fighting for their lives in Division II-A play, and are faced with the task of having to win their remaining three matches to qualify for more fun and games. However, if that last game's enthusiasm is indicative of what's to come, they've got their work cut out for them. In this encounter, recognizing the obvious lack of bodies (you need at least five guys to play), the coaching staff madly darted through the halls of Hart Haus trying to round up anyone who claimed to have even seen a volleyball before.

Finally an intoxicated of first-timers were collected from the Arbour Room, where they were attempting to drown their sorrows after their loss to SGS two hours previous. With a mumbled "We're bringing them down for five-day trials, ref", they were placed on the court where they were instructed to (i) try to stand up; (ii) try to hit the ball (if (i) was accomplished); (iii) try to score some points (if both (i) and (ii)

were met). Needless to say, their efforts were in vain. In no time they found themselves trailing 14-2 but recalling Skule's tradition of excellence in baileyvoll and realizing their duty to maintain this image, they fought back to 14-13. The come-back went for nought, however, as a smirking Gnu Collie team came out on top, 15-13. Since the first game was defaulted to Gnu, Skule went down to defeat on games, 2-0.

Talk about maintaining Skule's

image! The third squad, playing in Division II-B, is 6-0 and the entire team, comprised solely of fourth year Industrials, claim they'll go all the way. Led by Bill (one T) paterson, and head ball-chaser Steve Pomper, (and in spite of the play of the Mad Italian, Steve Venere), Skule III has completely dominated the action in the II-B loop. Two other squads, however, are also unbeaten, so the upcoming should prove to be a good tuneup for the playoffs.

Swimming and Waterpolo

On Wednesday, November 13th we fielded a strong engineering team in the Interfaculty Swimming Championships. After entering swimmers in every event we amassed 27 points. This gave us a third place finish behind Vic and Meds. Team members were Dave Mitchell, Dave Patterson, Tom Ryan, Peter Horvath, Bruce Sellars, Murray Gray, Peter Singer and Jeff Brown. Jeff played the role of our Ordinary Superstar with three first place finishes in the 100 individual Medley, 50 fly, and 10

100 Back Stroke.

Our annual Engineering Waterpolo Tournament was held Saturday November 16th. After all the underwater dirty work was finished it appeared that Industrial IV won the tournament for the second year. The second place team was Electrical II who played well above water but lost out on some bathing suit pulling.

We still need more players for our Engineering Waterpolo teams. No prior experience is necessary. Sign the list outside the Engineering Stores.

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SLAVE AUCTION

(or the male chauvinist win out)



Good slave auction this year. Wallberg 1025 was packed. There was more throwing of stuff this year, (enough to cause a card shortage at EVT) and all the throwing took place before the auction itself. Due to another shortage the ceremonial octopus had to be replaced by 4 crabs (you thought the photo was the result of a poor and unimaginative pun didn't you??)

This year, due to poor organization on the end of the class reps in publicizing the event and collecting money, and good organization on the part of those recruiting the girls, the first eight girls were auctioned off in pairs.

A select few people in Engineering remember Stephanie (1970) who at \$100 was the first three figure slave. 775 will for the most part remember Angel Eyes (1971) who set another precedent for years to come. When it seemed there was nowhere else for the slave auction to go, Gabe Pop (no relation to Red) stole the show from the last slave and precluded any editorials in the Varsity about the slave auction's sexism. Although he only went for 50c I am sure his next year's counterparts will command a better price.

A big difference in this year's slave auction from last year's was the girls. Last year's stripper took a totally condescending attitude toward the whole thing, refused to allow photographs to be taken, and to great pains to let all know she was not "a common sleaze off the streets" (her quote). This year, both Lolita Jones and

April Dawn loved the show and said it was a lot more fun than at Le Strip, because you could improvise and fool around a lot more. April said that Gabe's performance made it a lot easier for her.

P.S. Rhys did get a hard-on, and it is not reported who cleaned up WB 1035 afterwards.



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BRANCHES

College and Beverley Sts.
St. George and Bloor St.
Bloor and Bay Sts.
Carlton and Yonge Sts.
University and College Sts.

The University Hierarchy — Who's On Top ?

The Dean

Leaps tall buildings in a single bound
Is more powerful than a locomotive
Is faster than a speeding bullet
Walks on water
Gives policy to God.

The Department Head

Leaps short buildings in a single bound
Is more powerful than a switch engine
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet
Walks on water if sea is calm
Talks to God.

Professor

Leaps short Buildings with a running start and favourable winds
Is almost as powerful as a switch engine
Is faster than a speeding BB
Walks on water in an indoor swimming pool
Talks with God if special request is approved

Associate Professor

Barely clears a quonset hut
Loses tug of war with locomotive
Can fire a speeding bullet
Swims well
Is occasionally addressed by God

Assistant Professor

Makes high marks on the walls when trying to leap tall buildings
Is run over by locomotives
Can sometimes handle a gun without inflicting self-injury
Talks to animals

Graduate Student

Runs into buildings
Recognizes locomotives two out of three times
Is not issued ammunition
Can stay afloat with a life jacket
Talks to walls

Undergraduate Student

Falls over doorstep when trying to entre building
Says look at the choo-choo
Wets himself with a water pistol
Plays in mud puddles
Mumbles to himself

Department Secretary

Lifts buildings and walks under them
Kicks locomotives off the tracks
Catches speeding bullets in her teeth and eats them
Freezes water with a single glance
She is God.

One day Everyday in the Galbraith Lobby

"Way back in 1967 when the world was young, the Sid Smith lobby; was a sterile wasteland. There were no chairs, no literature tables, no bulletin boards, nothing..."

So began a recent Varsity article ("ONE DAY. EVERY DAY AT SID SMITH," Nov. 15) featuring interviews with the people who today frequent the Sidney Smith Hall foyer. Any sensible person who has recently observed the Sid Smith foyer, with its religious cults, revolutionary groups, petitioners and other assorted vegetarians, can only wish that the days of 1967 could be brought back.

Well, we should not let ourselves get carried away with such nostalgic yearnings for bygone golden ages. What is past is gone forever, only to live on in history books and the songs of the minstrels. All we can hope to do is to anticipate the shocks which are certain to hit us in the future and brace ourselves for them.

Hence, this article. The purpose of this article is to reveal what life will be like in the not too distant future when the groups at Sidney Smith discover that there is a foyer at the Galbraith Building as well. Surely, they will move into the Galbraith Building as ineluctably as they have today moved into Sidney Smith Hall, complete with banners, posters, guitars, literature and inane slogans, setting up a front lobby lounge.

Due to the slightly different ethos of the Faculty of Engineering however, the approach to be taken by these transplanted groups will clearly have to be augmented in order to appeal to the engineering mind. Thus a future Varsity article on the subject of "ONE DAY. EVERYDAY. AT THE GALBRAITH BUILDING" could likely follow these lines:

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the Galbraith front lobby. This once deserted and neglected piece of territory is today a teeming centre of social consciousness and student opinion.

We are here today to investigate exactly how the people here really feel about the new scene.

A Group of Students

"There's not enough poker players."

"It's okay, I suppose. I just wish they'd cut out the strobe lights."

"There aren't enough water beds and the shag rug is collecting too much dirt. The barmaid is too cheeky too..."

"It's a comfortable place to hang out. Eh? Know what I mean? Hang out? Wink, wink, nudge, say no more, say no more. Hang out? Get it? Get it?"

"I think the roulette wheel is rigged..."

The Guy at the "Equal Rights for Pre-Stressed Concrete" table

"Well, I suppose the people here are coming around to a more tolerant attitude, and it must be due to the increased exposure they're getting as a result of this lobby. Already we've received a hundred signatures on our petition to redesign the 1980 cadillac with 36% concrete content. Just a few years ago no one would have cared. We also got a good turnout at our mass rally yesterday to give Concrete parity with steel in the makeup of the new Governing Council Building. I think the new lobby is great."

The People at the "Consider Bevelled Gears"

"I've been here for a number of years. Last year we were making a lot of converts but now the scene has quietened down a bit. People don't seem to be as concerned about gears anymore. Once in a while you get discouraged about one particular person. I remember one guy who used to argue against us trying to convince people not to listen to us. But we try not to let it bother us too much."

Other groups represented at the Galbraith lobby are the "Society to Preserve the deForest Vacuum Tube", the "Revolutionary Rotary Engine Group", the "Eutechic Faith Alliance" and the "Student Solidarity with Fluids Association". These groups declined to participate in our interview.

It is obvious from our interview that large distances exist from those students who understand the university as a place for exchanging ideas, and trying to apply those ideas to the world; and those who like to hang around with their friends and chew the rag.

The assumptions of ten years are no longer sufficient to discover a common ground.

CTV 100 F - Lecture No. 15

Your attention Please. You know, I was thinking about making that test one hour instead of two. * * *. Settle down, settle down, you know, it was a very simble test. * * * *. Your attention please. We start now chapter five.

As a matter of fact, the vector algabrya is fix-ed only if da zoint is in equilibrium with de barticle. Da solve-ed problem, comes quite simble. If you jis look at da problem, jis lik dat, you know you will see dat da blanks will hold da tird joyst if the kindematics will support at ja right boint. Now I ask

you, what kind of rigid body would cause such rebitious in-out motion * * uh? * * * * * Berry funny. Berry funny you knw. What your name, you say? * * uh? * * * * * Hey you, get off her. You know, one day you make good engineer, oar maybe you go into other field uh? * * * * * Crass bastard.

Your attention please. Before you go, I have problem shiek number bive bore you bor weekend. * * * * * * * * * * Hey you, get off her. Greedy big.

The Green F!rosh.

P.S. *** - class comment.



The L.G.M.B. Does Blow

Although 'The Strand' lacks common sense and knowledge, it does have good timing. This superfluous rag has provided a perfect lead-in for an article on this year's L.G.M.B. Santa Claus Parade Caper.

Yes, the L.G.M.B. was involved in this year's Santa Claus Parade. Last year, although the band was definitely the star of the parade, its presence was not appreciated by someone at Eatons. Although this person demanded that the band not enter the parade this year, he astutely realized that a letter from some shithead wouldn't stop the L.G.M.B. He therefore was racked with fear that the band would make another unannounced appearance at this year's parade. This character even went so far as to warn the Metro's that the band would probably show up, and to use whatever force necessary to remove it (not to mention telling the T.V. people to turn their cameras away from the intruders if they should happen to crash the parade). Since the L.G.M.B. was expected, it didn't go, and we all hope that that one person at Eatons, who was SO afraid of a harmless group of merry-makers, shit himself every time he heard a band play.

But, let's get back to 'The Strand' (God, why?). Your criticism of Skule spirit obviously shows that your spirit is so low that you must hide in a hole all day. If you had attended all the football games this year, you would have noticed that Skule Spirit was very prevalent (hic!). The L.G.M.B. performed six half-time shows this year. James Mackey of the L.L.B.O. had even threatened to revoke the band's liquor license if its act wasn't cleaned up.

In the meantime, condolences can be sent to Tim Buckley, c/o SAC office. Instead of flowers, please send hardhats and slide rules.

In October, the L.G.M.B. organized the long-awaited return of the McGill Weekend, a full two and a half days of debauchery and rabble-rousing during which the Engineers proudly showed Montreal what Skule Spirit is all about (Le hic!) as well as bringing half of Montreal back with them on the train. Where was Vic that weekend?

This month the L.G.M.B. has appeared on the national news of both major Canadian networks (C.B.C. & C.T.V., you tit!). On the C.B.C. news, the band was used as an example of the growing popularity of college football and of the spirit displayed by the fans.

Of course, Skule Spirit is not limited to the L.G.M.B. and has been demonstrated by numerous other Engineers, who take their pride in their faculty and university. That's a lot more than we can say for Vic.

By the way, the Toike had once considered doing a parody of 'The Strand' but couldn't when it was learned that there was a severe shortage of yellow toilet paper!

Q: What is the first thing flamingoes do when they move to Toronto?

A: Put plastic Italians on their lawn.

Q: If one pharmacist and one jock were thrown off a mountain cliff, which one would land first?

A: Who cares.

A: What is the definition of an olive?

A: A spinster's cherry that's gone green with envy.



The Band comes in



To all my adoring fans

Obituary

SKULE SPIRIT
b. 1873 - d. 1974

Students and T.V. watchers in Canada and the United States were saddened on Saturday, when the death of SKULE SPIRIT was announced. A subject of considerable discussion this year, the lack of spirit from the Engineers hadn't been too evident until the annual Eaton's Santa Claus Parade. However, as the parade arrived at Eaton's Queen Street unscathed, the glaring absence of the L.G.M.B. was seen. This is a great loss to the University of Toronto as well as the rest of the nation.

SKULE SPIRIT has been ill for some time now, and its condition became worse when SAC managed to take over the TOIKE. SKULE'S condition was declared critical, and even painting the SAC dome, and the L.G.M.B. performance at the Western football game couldn't revive it. The tragedy of this is even greater than one would think at first. With the death of SKULE SPIRIT, there are a large number of engineers left destitute. Ostracized by all other faculties, they have no place to go, and with winter coming on, a potentially dangerous situation exists.

THE STRAND therefore is setting up a relief fund for the care and placement of destitute engineers. We also hope to open a half-way house so that engineers can gradually be assimilated with the outside world. Hopefully these actions will stop a potentially fatal situation from developing.

In the meantime, condolences can be sent to Tim Buckley, c/o SAC office. Instead of flowers, please send hardhats and slide rules.

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